A COLORED WOMAN WHO FAITH-FULLY SERVES UNCLE SAM.

from the county seat, Kingston, and irom

Hamilton, are operated by local people and the stage goes back and forth in a day.

All the outside world news however, goes by way of Lathron, seventeen miles from Mirabile. It is a long ride from Lathron to Mirabile and back in a day, with one stop about half way, a neat white farm hous, where Uncle Sams dignity is upheld by a pleasant facad woman, whose home bears the name of "You go to the guardhouse for that,"

SHE CARRIES THE MAIL ABOUT KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS MRS. STILES, SPY, DEAD The Tall Men Who Were Rejected-

The Colonel's Daughter, Who Was Commanding Officer. Prom Harper's Weekly. These mountaineers created a good deal of interest. Twenty-five per cent of them

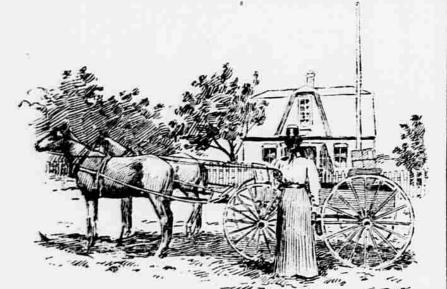
were rejected, I was told, because of their extraordinary height.

Some of the Duties That Devolve

Upon Mrs. Nonh Scott, Who Exery Day Carries Mail From
Lathrop to Mirabile,

Cuddled in among the hills of the southwestern part of Caldwell county, lies the town of Mirabile, with a population of several hundred, a cheese factory, a mill, a band, a newspaper and a few stores, located in the old brick buildings so familiar forty years ago. Mirabile is fourteen miles from a trunk line railroad, but her offizens are progressive and take a very active interest in the outside world, so Uncle Sam maintains a system of mail routes to nearby towns, which keeps the Mirabile folk posted on county and state news. The county routes, carrying mail to and from the county seat, Kingston, and irom Hamilton, are operated by local people.

tion.
George grinned helplessly, and with a



MRS. NOAH READY TO START.

has come to be the regular driver and handles the reins and delivers the packages and mail and disseminates rural news in a truly professional manner. Uncle Sam is not too generous in the matter of remuneration on this mail route as Mrs. Noah receives but 74 cents per day for her services from the government, and finds her own team. There are, though, often passengers who are glad to pay 50 cents for the ride, and the farmers along the line are glad, too, to pay Noah's modest charge of teents per month for delivering their mail every day. Then, too, there are frequent shopping orders for Mrs. Noah to till, and Lathrop merchants are glad to see the little mail woman who brings them sometimes a nice large order from "out Mirabile way," handles the reins and delivers the packages nice large order from "out Mirabile way."
Then, there are sick folks to take medicines and delicacies to, and little people who want candy and sometimes the mail wigon looks like a Santa Claus pack. At every farmhouse gate or field corner, nailed upon a convenient post, is a small tin mall box, and when packages are expected, some of the house people are waiting to lighten her load.

her load.

Sometimes there is a red flug hung up behind the mailbox, and then Mrs. Noah knows there is something there for her; a letter, maybe, for the mall, or an order, warhard. serhaps, for something from town for which the farmers' women folks cannot

Truly, the postoffice department could get pointers on the rural delivery system from the object lesson furnished by the La-throp mall route.

Some of Her Duties.

And it is not only the immediate dwellers on the route that she serves. Farmers living back from the road find it much more convenient to pay a trifle for the use of their neighbors' mailbox than to drive the half dozen miles to the nearest post-Then, too, the newspapers are benefited

office.

Then, too, the newspapers are benefited by the mail route. Not a farmhouse along the entire route but has its Kansas City papers, and it has much to do with the average farmer's peace of mind in these stirring war times that he can have the last editions of the morning papers delivered at his farm, ten miles from a railroad, before 11 o'clock every morning. Sometimes Mrs. Noah takes her daily thirty-five mile drive when there are no passengers with a wagonload of her own little pickaninnies. And Noah does his farming, certain that Uncle Sam is well served and his "contracks" safely carried out, and Mrs. Noah, as she drives the stage all day and is up betimes in the morning and late at night to keep her domestic machinery moving smoothly, has no idea that she is doing anything unusual—nothing more than her duty, which Uncle Sum expects of every good American man and woman. every good American man and woman,

From the Philadelphia North American. "I have tried to make Monsieur le Americaine's apartments as homelike as possible." said the French landlord.
"Yes?" queried the American.
"Oul, monsieur. See, here ees ze cuspidor."

"Willie, tell Mr. Whitehead the names of Neah's sons." "Not much I won't—this is vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Plainview postoffice. The little woman who every day makes this trip finds it often a tiresome one.

Yes, Uncle Sam's messenger is a woman, who somewhat ingeniously argues that not withstanding the fact that her husband has the contract it does not really matter which one goes as he and she are one.

The Driver of the Nail Wagon.

Big, black and jolly is Noah Scott, who has the contract. But Noah is a farmeriand must attend to his crops; so Mrs. Noah has come to be the regular driver and has come to be the regular driver and

ssly. "Please, sir, have you a calendar?" asked deep voice respectfully at one end of the line. *
"A calendar?" said the colonel. "Why, certainly, orderly. But what do you want with a calendar?" he asked, a bit mysti-

fled. "Please, sir," said a squeak from the littlest man at the other end of the line "we should like to eat the dates." And thereupon the soldlers ran.

ROMANCE OF A VOLUNTEER. His Father Arrived the Day of His Departure for War With a Fortune for Him.

There is a tinge of romance connected with the life of one of the volunteers at Whipple barracks, A. T. He enlisted at Phoenix, and is known as Porteric, being

Whipple barracks, A. T. He enlisted at Phoenix, and is known as Porterie, being a step-son of Constable Porterie. His real name, however, is Shea, and the story of his life as told by the Phoenix Gazette is as follows:

"James Shea and his wife parted about eighteen years ago, having seen nothing of each other all this time, but communicated once in a while over business matters. When they parted they had a child some syears old. Mrs. Shea took the child. He heard later that the boy was dead. Mrs. Shea came to Phoenix and was married to Joe Porteric, now ex-deputy sheriff, the bey taking the new name. They lived peacefully together, the boy grew into manbood, and on the last call for volunteers enlisted and is now at Whipple barracks.

"Mr. Shea began wandering, and went through Mexico, where he became interested in mines, and soon became wealthy. He was married to a beautiful Spanish lady some twelve years ago, and, after living in several parts of Mexico, finally settled in Brisbee.

"Mr. Shea is about 35 years of age. Through some means the father heard of his son, whom he thought dead, and came at once to Phoenix to learn that the boy had left only the day before as a soldier to fight for his country.

"Mr. Shea is very anxious to have his boy with him, and is making every effort to secure his discharge. The father states that as soon as the boy comes to him he will have at least \$90,000 at his disposal."

The Irish in Her.

She was a fusy little New England wom-an, with a strain of Irish blood, and a painfully exact housekeeper; so she dis-missed the servant because the dusting wasn't done to her liking. After Bridget departed the housekeeper investigated the culinary department, and her soul waxed wroth at the disarray of the pots and pans; but when she reached the store clear the wroth at the disarray of the pots and pans; but when she reached the store closet she despaired. Bridget had covered the various crocks after she had taken out preserves and pickles, but she hadn't matched them, and the New England spirit could never stand such carelessness, "But this shall never happen again," said she "Never! When the next servant comes I'll have them fixed so she can't mix them," And, imbued with her idea, in true Irish fashion she wrote on each of the separate covers. "This cover belongs on this jar."

POPE LEO XIII.



-Illustrated Zeitung This new relief portrait of the aged pope is the latest work of a German sculptor, Professor Joseph V. Kopf, now in Rome. Professor Konf, for whom Kaiser William I, repeatedly sat in Baden-Baden, says that the pope is not a good subject, as he greatly dislikes to sit for his portrait.

ADVENTURES OF A WOMAN WHO AIDED THE FEDERAL CAUSE.

Her Husband Was Killed by Quantrell's Men at Shawneetown, Kas., and She Vowed to Avenge His Death.

From the Chicago Chronicle. When Mrs. Elizabeth Stiles answered the final summors in the little town of Madison, O., last Monday, there passed from earth one of the most interesting characters of the civil war. She was one of the nation's heroines.

For years she lived in the Woman's Relief Corps home at Madison, and Tuesday afternoon she was buried after a peculiarly touching funeral service at the home, in accordance with her frequently expressed wish, that she should be buried where most of what of her life had been happy was

Mrs. Stiles was sweet-tempered, always cheerful, yet unassuming and modest, and one who did not know her would never suspect that she had a history the like of which, perhaps, not another woman in this country can boast. The vicissitudes of this woman's life were many and of quite unusual nature, and she never tired of relating experiences which fell to her lot during the war of the '66s.

She was born in Ashtabula, August 21, 1816, in a thinly-settled portion of the township, and her girthood was uneventful. At the age of 5 years she took her first lesson in the use of a gun and very early learned to handle the weapon to good advantage. She was right at home on horseback and these accomplishments served her well in after years. one who did not know her would never

after years.

When 21 years of age the young woman went to Chicago and earned her own living until 1846, when she married Jacob Stiles, and thirteen years subsequently they took up their residence in Shawneetown, Kas., where they made for themselves a comfortable home and accumulated a little nestegg for future prosperity.

Saw Her Husband Shot.

Here Mrs. Stiles realized her first sorrow by the death of her husband, who was shot down at his own gate in 1862 by a band of

down at his own gate in 1862 by a band of guerrillas, who dragged him from his bed to murder him before her eyes because he had sworn allegiance to the cause of the Union. This took place after midnight. The rebels came dressed in the blue garb of Union soldiers, 160 in the band, directed by the famous guerrilla chieftain, Charles Quantrell.

Mrs. Stiles had not yet retired and being deceived by the color of the uniforms, she very readily admitted the men, who compelled Mr. Stiles to get up and go out of the house. As the man's body sank to the ground with many bullet holes in it one of the assassins leveled a revolver at Mrs. Stiles, who stood horror stricken on the porch. As he was about to shoot Quantrell stopped him with the threat to shoot him if he molested the woman. Mrs. Stiles was allowed to re-enter the house and for that time was not further molested, but thereafter she was subjected to so many menacing actions from those opposed to the cause of the North that she finally decided that longer residence there would be unsafe, and she went to Fort Leavenworth with her children under escort of a band of soldlers who were sent to accompany her. The cause of this unusual persecution was with her children under escort of a band of soldiers who were sent to accompany her. The cause of this unusual persecution was that it was known that Mrs. Stiles had done some detective work for Uncle Sam, but how extensive her work in that line had been was not even surmised. Her antipathy for secessionists was greatly increased by the murder of her husband and she vowed to devote her life to revenge. Having been on several little expeditions for the good of the Union cause, she had become somewhat known by army leaders, who had learned that the woman was a trusty ally and had sent her name to head-quarters.

quarters. Engaged as a Spy. She had been at the fort but a short time when she received a letter from Gen-



ington. This letter was also signed by Abraham Lincoln. Senator Marvin, of Missouri, and a company of about seventy-five others were preparing for an early start for the capital, and Mrs. Stiles accompanied them. Upon presenting herself to General Lane she was informed that her future services were desired as self to General Lane she was informed that her future services were desired as a spy, and she accepted the proposition gladly. Before engaging in her new duties she returned to Leavenworth for her chil-iren, whom she took back to Washington, he tedious journey consuming several nonths' time.

months' time.

She placed two children in school in Washington, and taking the other child, a girl of 12, with her, she reported ready for service, and was on almost constant duty thereafter until the close of the rebellion, during which time she did good work in nineteen different states and Canada the daughter Clara accompanying hereafter the daughter than the daughte work in nineteen different states and Can-ada, the daughter Clara accompanying her on most of her expeditions of peril. She liked to tell how she "noodwinked" a rebel general on one occasion when she was arrested and charged with being a spy. It was at Jefferson City, Mo. Her horse was taken from her, and she was escorted to General Price for examination and to him confessed to being a spy. But so well posted was she on the general state of affairs that she succeeded in making so well posted was she on the general state of affairs that she succeeded in making the general believe that she was a rebel spy, and she not only went free, but was given a better horse and firearms and sent on her way.

One dark night when Mrs. Stiles and her daughter were out on a long ride on the Kansas-Missouri border, the daughter fell asleep on her horse (not an uncommon occurrence), and did not know when a

occurrence), and did not know when a sentry grabbed the bridle of her mother's horse and attempted to arrest her. The girl was awakened by a pistol shot and ner mother was soon beside her, but there was a vacancy in the picket line.

The old lady related with pride how she once directed the capture of a cannon with only her husband and daughters to assist her and secured the prize that several bands of men had tried for unsuccessfully. In her work it frequently became necessary for her to dress the wounds of some unlucky "bluecoat," and even amputations of a minor nature have fallen to her lot to perform in cases of emergency. The woman's mind was not at all dimmed by her four score years and her recollection of names and dates was something remarkable. After the close of the war she took up her residence in Vanango county, Pa. where she continued to make her home until within the past two years, when she entered the W. R. C. home at Madison, O.

General Grant's Opinion of Golf.

From the New York Ledger.

General U. S. Grant, when in Scotland, heard a great deal about golf, and, being a guest at a country house, expressed a wish to see how it was played. Accordingly, his host went out with him into the park. The host "teed" the ball and "waggled" the club with all due solemnity, and the general's expectations ran high as he observed these impressive preliminaries. Presently there was a heavy thud, a flight of turf, and the little ball still sat on the tee. Again, and yet again a thud, heavier than before, with turf still flying, with ball unmoved, with the golfer perspiring and perplexed! Thereupon General Grant remarked: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game, but I fail to see the use of the ball." from the New York Ledger.

He-"There seems to be no question that divides public opinion more than annexa-ion, Are you in favor of it?" She-"It is rather sudden, but if you're willing, I am." -Boston Courier.

Guy M. Lee Off for Headwaters of the Amazon in a Canoc, a Voyage of 7,000 Miles. Guy M. Lee, a student of the University

of Wisconsin, left Madison about two weeks ago in a cance bound for the headwaters of the Amazon river. With the exception of the stretch across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, and thence along the South American coast to Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, he expects to cover the entire distance, some 7,000 miles, in a cedar canoe of medium size and weight. Young Lee has ranked among the leading athletes of the University of Wisconsin, and athletes of the University of Wisconsin, and has been devoted to canoeing since he was first able to paddle. He has made a careful study of the route which he proposes to follow on his long voyage, and left Madison firm in the conviction that he would be able to accomplish his undertaking without serious difficulty.

The start was made from Lake Monona, one of the picturesque bodies of water



which abound in the vicinity of Madison, and help to make it one of the most beautiful inland cities in America. From Lake Monona, Lee entered Lake Waubesa, traversing it, and into and across Lake Kegousa. Thence he paddled down the crooked Yahara river to its junction with the Rock river, along which stream he made his way slowly, but without mishap, or incident of particular note, until the city of Rockford was reached. There he made his first long stop, taking several days in which to add to stores and equipment. Continuing the voyage the young man paddled eastward in the Rock river, and at last accounts was nearing the Mississippi at Rock Island. He had then put behind him about 400 miles of his watery pathway, or about one-sixteenth of the entire distance he intends to cover. It is his intention to traverse the Mississippi to New Orleans, hugging the eastern bank and keeping close to the shores of Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. At New Orleans he will take passage on a steamship, which, with a West Indian connection, will take him to Para. The Brazilians have a proverb, "Who came to Para was glad to stay: who drank assoi went never away." Unless this proves true in the case of young Lee, he will set out from Para upon the last, the longest and the most interesting part of his travels. The Amazon, from either of its outlets into the Atlantic to its head waters, in the mountains of Peru, is 4.000 miles long. Its main mouth is nearly lifty miles widt is something over one mile; while at the pass of Pongo de Manseriche it is narrowed to barely 150 feet, inclosed on either side by walls of rock rising almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet.

To navigate the Amazon in a canoe is something of a feat, and one which has never yet been accomplished, not even by the Peruvian Indians, of whom it were almost true to say they were born in canoes on the Amazon, reared in them and spent most of their lives in them. The largest ships may safely pass up this mighty river as far as the confluence of the Maran which abound in the vicinity of Madison cance, may go with any degree of safety. Young Lee will probably be obliged to resort to a "carry" more than once between Para and the head waters of the Amazon. But the trip should be of great and varied interest, exciting enough to gratify the most adventuresome. He will traverse a region thickly covered with forests of lofter trees than his eyes ever rested upon in his own country; he will be near to the haunts of the jaguar, the bear and the panther; he will eome in contact with representatives of a score of savage tribes; he will gaze upon mountain scenery which is, perhaps, unrivaled in the world for majestic beauty. If he carries out his programme and gets back to this country alive he will have made the most remarkable cance trip on record, and have ample material with which to make a book.

A RARA AVIS.

He Is the Rich Man Who Actually Pays His Honest Share of Taxes.

from the Cleveland Leader. "It's a mystery to me," said Horatio Hardrocks, the great financier, "how Bimberly has managed to accumulate such a fortune as he has. Sometimes I am inclined to think he must be an imposterthat his millions are all fictitious; but, on the other hand, I have had opportunities to make certain investigations which tend to show that he really is a rich man. How-ever, I should certainly not be willing to trust any of my interests in his hands. I regard him as unsafe. It wouldn't surprise ne a bit to hear at any time that he had exclaimed Bullion Bonds, the billionaire, 'you astonish me. I have al-ways looked upon Bimberly as one of the solidest members of the exchange. He is as hard a man to beat in a deal as I ever

"That may be true enough. I grant that it has always been difficult to down him in a speculation of any kind, but I have positive knowledge of the fact that he voluntarily pays taxes on at least two-fifths of its holdings." his holdings.

"Merciful heavens! And I've just gone into a deal with him where he will have a chance to lose hundreds of thousands of my money! Excuse me. I must go and trutto have the partnership dissolved at once."

POLAND'S LATEST PRODIGY.

He ls Wolodia Ronjitzky, a Sever Year-Old Pinnist, Who Favors Bach.

rom the New York Press. Wolodia Ronjitzky, the 7-year-old Polish pianist who has recently been giving reitals in London, is spoken of as one of the most interesting and highly endowed prodigies who have ever visited England. He is said to play with a keen sense of



WOLODIA RONJITZKY.

phrasing and rhythm and with true musicianly feeling. His improvisation, though necessarily somewhat crude, is marvelous for one of his age.

Young Ronjitzky's favorite composer is Bach, and he has decided views as to what is and what is not music. He is fortunate in possessing a father who directs him so intelligently that there is little fear that his extraordinary talent will be unduly forced. Too much father came near being the ruin of Josef Foffman.

STUDENT'S NOVEL VOYAGE. AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS"

WHAT SIENKIEWICZ DID WHEN HE WAS IN CALIFORNIA.

Out of the Ruins of Mme. Modjeska's Ideal Farming Colony He Built His Literary Renown-Will Revisit United States.

Henry Sienkiewicz, the foremost novelist of Poland, the author of "Quo Vadis," is, it is said, about to return to this country. He wrote of us years ago as a "most disagreeable country;" but the reception which has been given his works appears to have completely changed his opinion. In a letter to his old friend in New York, Dr. Marion De Zeremba, he writes that he will carry out his "long cherisned project" of coming to the "ever glorious

ne will carry out his "long cherisned project" of coming to the "ever glorious and most glorious United States." His pretty 16-year-old daughter, Jadwiga, who is his inseparable companion, will accompany him. They will sail for this country some time next month. Should he come it will not be his first visit to America. He was one of the famous Polish colony which came to grief in co-operative ranching near Anaheim, in Southern California, twenty-two years ago.

There never was a community of people quite like that of the Polish colony. Its story is one of the quaint chapters in the annuals of Southern California, and for new comers and the annual influx of tourists the doings and history of the Polish colonists and their opera bouffe farming have a perennial charm. The famous Brook Farm experiment in New England, in which Hawthorne, Emerson and Greeley were implicated, is not comparable with that of the Poles in Southern California in the three years following 1856. The Polish colony was composed of forty-one of the most brilliant litterateurs, actors, editors and musicians in Poland. They had no problem of life to demonstrate as other colonists in California have had; no truth struggling with them for proof by their

tors and musicians in Poland. They had no problem of life to demonstrate as other colonists in California have had; no truth struggling with them for proof by their daily lives; no wrongs to right, nor leasons to teach. They were simply and solely a company of happy, impractical, ambitious young men and women, with Bohemian tastes and a desire to so live that the art and culture in them might have its freest expression.

Mme, Helema Chaplowski, since the famous Mme, Modjeska of the stage, and her husband, Count Bozenta, were leaders in the colony. Henry Sienkiewicz was one of the younger men in the colony. He was a single man, then about 21 years of age. Already he was fired with literary zeal and spent his time in writing.

Michael Kroschiki, the foremost Polish painter of this century, was in the colony, as was also Carl Vladskot, whom Tolstot and Ibsen say is the finest lyric poet of this generation. Never on American soil, excepting possibly in the case of the Brook Farmers, was there such an aggregation of splendid genius as in the Polish colony at Anahelm.

In the San Francisco Examiner Mme, Modjeska tells how the Polish colony came to be formed and about its purposes. She gives the youthful Polish point of view.

"In the fall and winter of 1874," says."

came to be formed and about its purposes. She gives the youthful Polish point of view.

"In the fall and winter of 1874," says Modjeska, "some one in our quasi-Boaeman Club at Cracow, Poland, came across a translation of some one's travels in Callifornia that was our first real knowledge of this region. Then we got hold of an illustrated edition of a collection of articles regarding the ease of life and the wonderful fertility of soil in the semi-tropics of California. We had been talking for several years of what a glorious scheme it would be for all of us, striving, each in his or her own path towards the best in art, to live in a big co-operative colony, where the roll would yield our livelihood and we might aid one another toward our respective artistic ideals. So, when the literature about Southern California, and especially the Union Pacific boom pamphlets fell into our hands, we exclaimed in a chorus that here at last was an earthly elysium in which we could live our ideal colory. If the literature and the could live our ideal colory. at last was an earthly elysium in w could live our ideal colony life. I



HENRY SIENKIEWICZ

dreams we Poles, shivering amid snow and ice, had of idyllic contentment and freedom from such sordid concerns of life as earning one's living when inclination is absent, and wondering how bills would be paid, when lovely art was tingling at one's very finger tips. Henry Sienkiewicz was among the most enthusiastic ones regarding the scheme to establish the co-operative farming colony in Southern Calatormat. He had got his fine education by hard work and economy. He had worked to get a few dollars saved up, and pined for the land of roses and fruits as no other young man in our club did. He earned a few hurdred dollars even then by writing for the Cracow press."

land of roses and fruits as no other young man in our club did. He earned a few hurdred dollars even then by writing for the Cracow press."

In the latter part of the summer of 1376, while the Centennial exposition at Philadelp hia was at its helpht, forty-one Polish actors, litterateurs, musicians and editors landed in New York and went first to see the Centennial exposition. They grew even more enthusiastic as they looked upon the displays from the farming regions of the West, and were eager to be off toward their colony home in the setting sun. The Russian minister at Washington took the joily and sanguine party in hand for a few days at Washington. When they started for San Francisco a huge box of agricultural and horticultural books, pamphlets and leaflets, bearing on every form of agricultural pursuit, from the Kansas chinch bug to Berkshire hogs, went along as a guide to the Poles about to embark in co-operative farming.

The party reached San Francisco early in October, 1876, and in a few days sailed down the coast to San Pedro Into the port of Los Angeles People who lived in Pueblo de Los Angeles twenty years ago will never get tired of telling their recollections of the day that the Polish colony arrived in town.

Their coming had been heralded several weeks ahead. A small army of real estate men received them joyously. For a fortnight the Poles, not three of them could speak English, were conveyed about the country in carriages, and dined and wined by the real estate dealers. A tract of 200 acres was chosen by the Polish Bohemlans as just about the finest spot in all Los Angeles county for their earthly paradise. They had brought some \$5,000 with them as a common pool from their native land. Orders were given for cottage homes, a living building for the bachelors, for barns, corrais and outbuildings.

While the carpenters hammered and sawed and virgin soil was tilled and planted the Poles lounged in hammocks and dreamed and smoked cigarettes in the shade of the trees. When the bills for building and

The first year of the colony passed. Its history was a succession of losses. The alfalfa dried up, the corn never did come up; the tiny fruit trees withered for lack of water; unknown diseases attacked the sheep, and half the cows died of bloat.

While there were irrigation and cultivation to be done, the colony was enjoying symphony musicales.

While the big alfalfa field needed attention, the good-natured colonists debated for whole days the relative merits of several schools of dramatic and literary art.

Many afternoons, when sheep were alling and should have been attended, the Polish young men sketched, gave amateur theatricals or built enchanting air castles as they swung in their hammocks among trees.

At the end of a few months more when disappointment stalked among them, doz-cus of the Poles said they had had enough of farming. Leaving the copital which they

had put in the colony fund for use by the remaining colonists they got money from their native land and started back to Po-

their native land and started back to Poland.

The second year was even more disastrous than the first. A fire swept away the two best barns. Throughout the year there was a constant falling away of discouraged colonists from Anahelm, and when the fall of 1878 came there were but nine of the original Polish colony left.

The Anahelm farmers say it was pitiful to see how the impractical and undaunted men and women in the scant colony vainly struggled to succeed with their plans. Sign-klewicz was one of the very list to abandon the colony tract. He had formed a genuine fondness for American ways, and he was learning the language fast. In January, 1879, he gave up. He went to Los Angeles, living there in the upper back rooms of the plaza. He spent several months in reading and writing. His famous charcoal sketches were written there then.

Mme. Modjeska lost so heavily by the colony scheme that she was compelled to return to the stage. She worked day and night at learning English and made her well remembered first appearance as an English speaking actress in San Francisco. Henry Sienkiewicz sailed from San Peder of or San Francisco in March, 1879, and went directly to Paris.

irectly to Paris.

slow out of a hole when disabled at the bombardment of Cardenas, a story of his love of excitement is given by a classmate while the pair were on the United States

NEW HOSPITAL SHIP HAS AN EXEL-LENT RECORD.

How She Succored the Passengersand

Crew of the Lost Danmark-A Event Immortalized by the Artist Hemy.

From the New York Journal. No steamship will go into the service of Uncle Sam with a cleaner record than the steel-hulled Missouri, recently loaned to the United States for a hospital ship by the Atlantic Transport line. The Missouri is now undergoing the transformation that will render her fit to handle the sick and wounded soldiers who are now sweltering

JUMPED INTO THE BULL RING.

Lieutenant Scott Lost His Cap, but

Went After It and Recovered It.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Apropos of Second Lieutenant J. H. Scott, the Philadelphia boy who is the executive officer of the Hudson, who pulled the Winslow out of a hole when disabled at the in the hospital tents of Cuba.

The Danmark Disaster.

The Danmark, then one of the Thingvalla line, left Copenhagen in March, 1889, with 755 passengers, including a large number of white the pair were on the children and children temperature of the cruise. The vessel was at Lisbon, Portu- women and children. Tempestuous weather



STEAMSHIP MISSOURI, GIVEN TO THE GOVERNMENT. Reproduced from Painting Owned by R. J. Slater, of the Ocean Club, Long Brane,

gal. The starboard watch of cadets were ashore on leave. Some with "Hutchy," as Scott was familiarly called, went to see a bulllight at a suburb of Lisbon called Clittra. In the royal box that afternoon in August of 1888 sat the present ruler of Porthagent of 1888 sat the present ruler of Porthagent was very unexpected. tra. In the royal box that afternoon in August of 1888 sat the present ruler of Portugal, then a debonair and democratic youth. Suddenly a cadet's cap was seen to fly through the air and drop in the center of the arena. The owner, none other than "Hutchy," jumped into the ring, grabbed a spear from a dazed matador, and, after giving his trousers a salior-like hitch, the hero of Cardenas proceeded to assail a lively runt of a bull. The multitude that crowded the tiers recognized the uniform and yelled—men, women and children—"Viva el Americano!" Suddenly the buil fell, the first bull killed in a Portuguese arena for twenty years, and that by a Philadelphia boy. However, with spear in one hand and his cap in the other, looking very much scared. "Hutchy" was conducted by some attendants to the royal box, and received, much to his surprise, not only congratulations, but Prince Carlos, removing a signet ring from his finger, presented it to Scott. The affair was the talk of Lisbon for several days, and as a result of the celebration that followed, for the ring had to be wetted. "Hutchy" and his chums were kept on board the Chase for a month or more.

"Twist Beauty and Duty."

'Twixt Beauty and Duty.

When Li Hung Chang came to this coun When Li Hung Chang came to this country Richard Harding Davis came on the same ship. Li was lord high executioner, as it were, and his adopted son, a nobleman of degree, was Lord High Everything Else in his suite. Now, the English and Americans recognize the greatness of the one and only Richard, but, not having hobnobbed with Chinese nobility, the soul of Dickie longed to impress them. And one day, his change, came. Davis was sitting Dickle longed to impress them. And one day his chance came. Davis was sitting in the saloon with Li's son when up came two pretty young Americans, socially unknown, who were coming out with Chevalier's company. Both held autograph books, which they put down before the Chinaman and Dickle. "Mr. Davis," one of the girls asked, courteously, "we wanted to know if you gentlemen wouldn't write in our albums?" "You must excuse us," Davis said, frigidity, "I never write except Davis said, frigidly, "I never write except Davis said, frigidly, "I never write except for money," "Really!" exclaimed the no-bleman, who spoke perfect English, pull-ing the book toward him, "You only write for duty? How fortunate, I write for beauty." Dickie doesn't fancy the Chi-

She Knew.

From the Chicago News.

They were evidently from St. Louis and had come to Chicago on their wedding tour. While taking in the sights they wandered the theory was an and making before

While taking in the sights they wandered into the art museum, and, pausing before a reproduction of the Venus of Milo, the bride remarked:

"They must think the people who come here are awfully ignorant.

"Why so, dearle?" asked the other half, "Why so," she exclaimed, with an air of superior intelligence, "Get onto that sign 'Hands off' hanging on that thing; just as if any fool didn't know they were. Divorce Among the Poor.



"Alas! I am at the mercy of the cold, cold world! No wife to work for me, no child to lay his little wages at my feet o' Saturday nights!"—From "Hounded to Work." A Tragedy. Act 2, sc. 4.

The Coy Goddess. Said America to England:
"The joy with which you speed,
Bearing effer of affection
Is graciousness indeed.

"The alliance is accepted—
I greet you with all hage—
I'll sit beside you—but don't put
Your arm around my waist."
—Detroit Free Frees.

he suffering voyagers. snapped in twain, and the broken ers smashed a hole through the Danmark stern. Slowly the waters crept in through to

Slowly the waters crept in through to break. The officers had stuffed it to to best of their ability, and distress signa were displayed and double lookouts poste in the hope that some passing vessel wou be sighted. The passengers prayed at watched by turns for a sail throughout to night.

The Missouri Comes in Sight.

It was on April 4 that the shaft broand on the morning of April 5, the M. souri, bound from London for Philadelph, ove in sight. The smoke of the Misson was first seen by the lookout in the crow est on the Danmark's foremast. shouted the good news and cheers of jo rose from the passengers. Many fell o their knees and thanked God for deliv

The Danmark's commander took a more The Danmark's commander took a more practical view of the case. He watched the approaching Missouri until it was certain that her officers could not miss seeing a signal, and then he lost no time in communicating with the Transport liner. "Ship sinking, 755 passengers on board," was the signal that first greeted the eyes of Captain Hamilton Murrell, of the Missouri. Murrell did not take long to consider. He asked if the Danmark was in immediate danger of sinking and, receiv-

souri. Murrell did not take long to consider. He asked if the Danmark was in immediate danger of sinking and receiving an answer in the negative, he signaled the Danmark's captain that the Missouri would send a tow line aboard. This was done and the stokers on the Transport liner were set to shoveling coal as they never had before in their lives.

All that night of April 5 the Missouri towed the Danmark, and the latter vessel slowly but surely settled in the water. It was a head sea that the Missouri had to buffet her way through, dragging the Danish steamship after her, and the waves that washed aboard the Danmark constantly added to the strain on the tough hawser. "Ship sinking rapidly," was the signal dashed to the Missouri from the Danmark at daybreak of the 6th. The passengers must be taken off. That was plain, and Captain Murrell at once set about the task in spite of the sea that was roiling.

The Missouri's lifebrats ware lamaked. n spite of the sea that was rolling.
The Missouri's lifeboats were launched and so were those on the Danmark. The colness and strict obedience maintained and so were those on the Danmark. The coolness and strict obedience maintained by the Danmark crew on that occasion marked them as brave men. There was no faltering nor mad rushes for the boats, as in the case of La Bourgogne's crazed tars. The women and children were placed to the boats first, and in one boat there were twenty-two bables, all under 1 year old.

Bontlond of Babies. This boat is shown as one of two in the

This boat is shown as one of two in the foreground of Artist Hemy's painting. One of the bables has already been slung under the arms and is being holsted to the deck of the Missouri which towers on the right of the picture like an ark of safety, which she proved to be.

Every man, woman and child aboard the sinking Danmark was saved. Not a single life was sacrificed. Many of those passengers now alive remember, doubtless, the care that Captain Murrell bestowed on the women and children. The Missouri was not adapted to carrying so many passengers, but her officers gave up their rooms cheerfully, and the gallant British steamship steamed into the Azores some days later and landed the majority of the shipwrecked passengers. A few were taken on to Philadelphia.

This was by no means the last act of humanity of which the Missouri was made the instrument. A few years later she went to Russia, laden with provisions for the starving peasants. The papers at that time devoted many columns to describing the work of distributing this cargo, safely landed from the Missouri in the car's dominions.

The Missouri's decks are now being cleared and fitted into hospital wards for the sick and wounded. She will be one of the finest and best equipped hospital ships in the service. oreground of Artist Hemy's painting. One

They Never Drink Water.

They Never Drink Water.

There are in the world, remarks Cosmos, several kinds of animals that have never swallowed a drop of water in all their lives; these include the llamas of Patagonia and certain gazelies of the far East. A paroquet lived fifty-two years in the London zoological gardens without brinking a drop and some naturalists think that hares take no liquid except the dew that sometimes forms on the grass that they eat. A considerable number of reptiles—serpents, lizards, and certain batrachians—live and prosper in places where there is no water at all. Finally, there are even in France, in the neighborhood of the Lozere, here's of cows and goats that almost never drink, and which nevertheless produce the milk of which the famous Roquefort cheese is made.